And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Iuliet here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas *Tybalts* doomesday: for which *Romeo*
VVas banished from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
VVhat so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier *Iohn*)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne.
But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
That *Iuliet* was deceasde, returnde in post
Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.

By

By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrificed some houre before his time.
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.
Pry: VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this?
Balth: I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.
Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?
Boy: I brought my Master vnto *Iuliets* graue,
But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.
At last they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can say or know.
Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountague*.
VVhere are these enemies? see what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap: As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.